

WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



THE BOTTLE IMP;

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

In Two Acts.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

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EDITED BY

**B. BUTLAND**

**B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,**

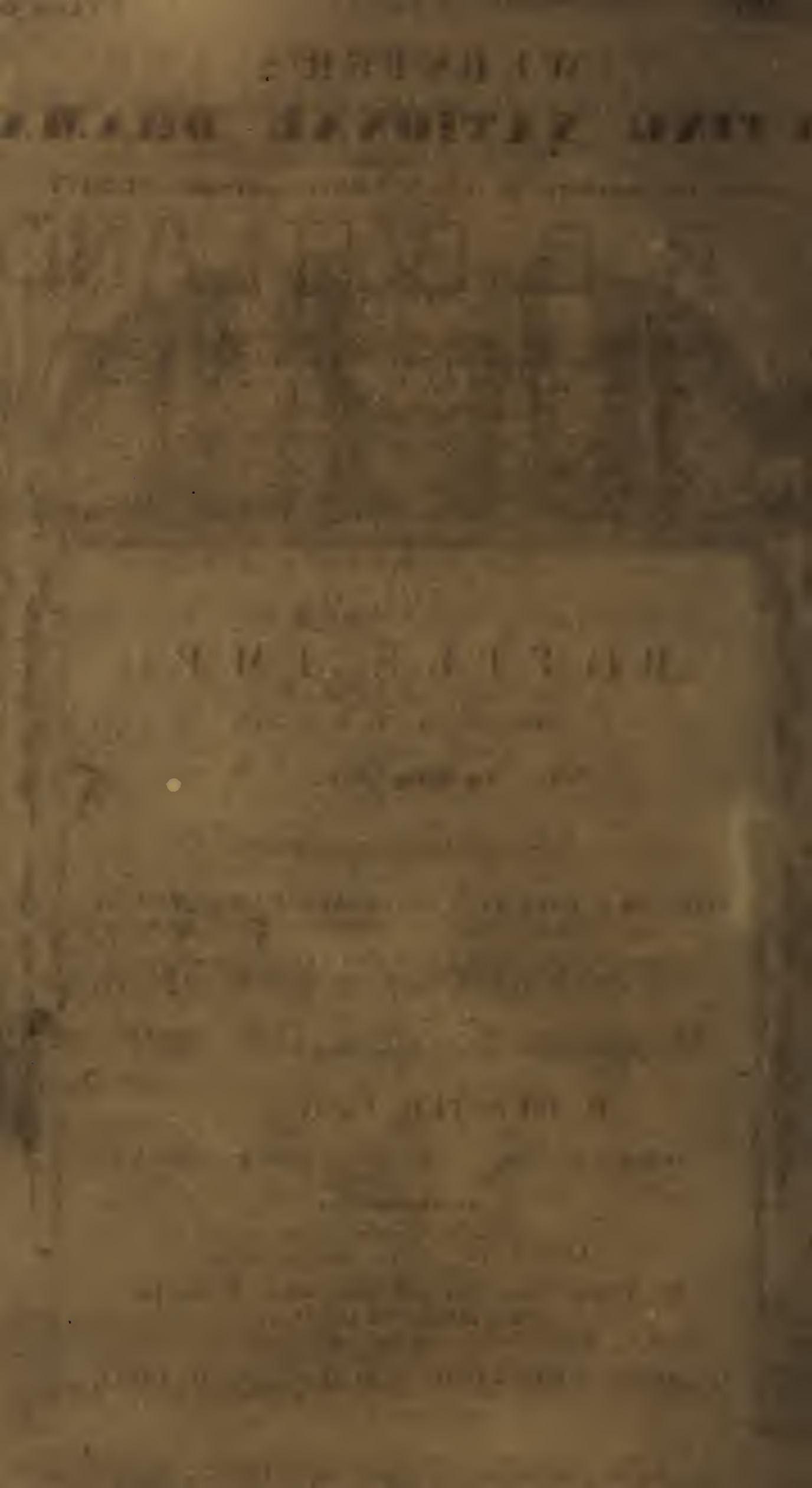
MEMBER OF THE **MUSIC and PLAYS** SOCIETY.

37 ADE ST. W.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,

By Pierce Egan the Younger, taken during the  
representation of the Piece.

LONDON: SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.



R. B. BUTLAND

MUSIC and PLAYS

37 KING ST. W.

TORONTO, ONT.







# THE BOTTLE IMP.

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

In Two Acts.

Produced at the

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE,

JULY, 1823.

By

R. B. PEAKE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

The Overture and Music composed by

G. H. B. RODWELL.

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY WITH REMARKS,  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,  
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

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LONDON.

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER ROW,

"NASSAU STEAM PRESS,"  
W. S. JOHNSON, 6, NASSAU STREET, SOHO.

## Dramatis Personae and Costume.

## ORIGINAL CAST.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| ALBERT. 1st dress, blue cloth tunic, trimmed with black, blue leggings, russet boots, black velvet hat, with black feathers. 2d dress, superb crimson velvet tunic, Spanish cloak, white silk pantaloons. 3d dress, peasant's costume. 4th dress, undress uniform of the musqueteers. | Mr. Wood.       |
| WILLIBALD. 1st dress, orange-coloured livery, red trunks, blue stockings. 2d dress, chamberlain's robe of office, and splendid livery of Nicola's establishment.                                                                                                                      | Mr. Keeley.     |
| NICOLA. 1st dress, handsome maroon velvet doublet, trunks, and cloak. 2d dress, gray shirt, the appearance of a pauper.                                                                                                                                                               | Mr. J. Vining.  |
| WALDECK. Gray doublet, trunks, and cloak.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Mr. Evans.      |
| CONRADE. Lieutenant's uniform of musqueteers.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Mr. Baker.      |
| SHADRACK. Broad-brimmed Jew's hat with red crown, brown jacket and trunks, black stockings.                                                                                                                                                                                           | Mr. Minton.     |
| JOMELLI. Undress uniform of the musqueteers.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Mr. Salter.     |
| SERGEANT. Ditto                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Mr. Fuller.     |
| MONTORIO. Inquisitor's dress.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Mr. Irwin.      |
| THE BOTTLE IMP. Tightly fitting skin dress, of a sea green, horns on the head, and demon's face, from the wrists to the hips a wide-spreading wing, extending or folding at pleasure.                                                                                                 | Mr. O. Smith.   |
| MARCELIA. Black velvet bodice, blue petticoat, hair dressed in the Swiss style.                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Miss Cawse.     |
| PHILIPPA. Venetian dress, black velvet bodice, yellow silk petticoat.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Miss. H. Cawse. |
| LUCRETIA. Elegant Venetian dress, robe.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Miss Weston.    |

The scenery by Tomkins and Pitt.





# THE BOTTLE IMP.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View in Venice ; Canal, gondolas, gondoliers, gondola passes in the distance.*

*Chorus of gondoliers.*

Gondolier, gondolier,  
Softly plough the rippling wave  
Ply the oar, ply the oar,  
With brawny arm and merry stave.  
The voices of the distant crew  
The song we hear,  
The song of friends and comrades true.  
We hear, we hear.

*(Bell tolls.)*

Now all is hushed, save that sweet chime,  
Which floats along the stream,  
And marks the soft reposing time,  
Our labour to redeem.  
Lo, o'er the wave a stranger comes,  
His light bark seeks our gilded domes,  
His foot is on the marble pier,  
This way he bends—he's here.

[*Gondola rowed on, U. E. R. H., gondola returns, R. H. U. E.*  
*ALBERT appears in a travelling-dress from gondola ;*  
*ALBERT comes forward, C.*

*Albert.*

Ye bright and glittering palaces  
How beautiful ye seem,  
Like vision'd forms that charm the sense  
In fancy's magic dream.  
Freed from the deep and ruthless wave,  
That wild and trackless way ;  
Here in thy bowers of love and peace,  
Venice, with thee I'll stay.

[*Gondola returns with WILLIBALD, gondoliers, &c., exeunt, R. and L.*

*Chorus.*

*Note.*—The Lyrical portion of this Melo-drama, is from the pen of the Author's old friend, Mr. FITZBALL (with a few exceptions).

*Alb.* Hail charming Venice, thou widely celebrated seat of luxury and revelry, thou lovely Queen of the Adriatic, welcome thy visiter!

*Wil.* (*peeps out of the gondola*) Master!

*Alb.* What say'st thou, Willibald?

*Wil.* Are we almost at our journey's end? what a queer place this is to be sure! all the thoroughfares are wet docks; how often they water the streets here!

*Alb.* Didst thou ever behold a more beautiful place?

*Wil.* It is nothing to the village of Slauchenhausenberg.

*Alb.* Didst observe the lovely tenants of the mansions, peeping with eyes of diamond lustre through the lattices?

*Wil.* Anan. (*on R.*)

*Alb.* Did you look at the women?

*Wil.* I know better!—women, indeed!—fie for shame!

*Alb.* Ha! ha! ha! poor wretch! you have no soul!

*Wil.* Indeed, but I have; and I mean to take care of it! Ah! Mein Herr von Albert, but you will never listen to the advice of a discreet, dutiful, domestic.

*Alb.* Well, proser?

*Wil.* Well, master; your worshipful parents, bless their hearts! have sent you on your travels, and they selected me, a steady, pious, discreet young man; a person with no nonsense about him; to attend you as valet de chambre, brusher, and admonisher.

*Alb.* Psha! (*crosses to R. II.*)

*Wil.* You may psha!—but I shall do as your honour'd parents directed, and you must attend to what I say. Of an evening, the only time I can get you to lend an ear, when I've your leg in my hand, drawing your boots, haven't I lectured you, till—

*Alb.* Till you have been kicked down stairs—for your pains.

*Wil.* That's very true—

*Alb.* Cease your preaching, Willibald, the age of twenty-five occurs but once in a man's life.

*Wil.* That never struck me before!

*Alb.* Enjoyment is my theme—enjoyment I will have.

[*He goes up, and looks at pavilion, L. 2 E.*]

*Wil.* Without money to last you a month longer!—your father gave you a purse, that would have supported any moderate traveller, for a twelvemonth; one month's eating, drinking, and et ceteras—ahem!—et ceteras! There, now! what are you squinting at that balcony for? (*holds up port-manteau, which ALBERT knocks down.*)

*Alb.* What a lovely woman!

*Wil.* Lovely nonsense! never mind the lovely women here. I'll be bound there is not one half so lovely as poor Marcelia, whom you you have left behind.

*Alb.* Insolent!—what mean you?

*Wil.* What do I mean?—Do you mean to say, Mein Herr von Albert, that you don't know?—Recollect, in your journey hither, when your high-mettled post-horse kicked you off at her



father's farm-gate, on the banks of the lake of Lucano, and broke your collar-bone; who nursed you?—Marcelia! who bandaged you, brothed you, gruelled you? Why, Marcelia! and now, you've ungratefully abandoned her—and (*weeps*) broke her pretty little heart!

*Alb.* Cease this prating! I confess I have, indeed, sinned grievously, painfully; poor dear Marcelia! I may yet atone for my error, and return at once to mend the heart I have broken.

[*Sprightly music is heard in the Villa.*]

Hark! whence come those sounds, enchanting? delightful music!

*Wil.* It's nothing to my uncle Schewellinbogel's bagpipes.

*Alb.* Behold that bewitching form again! (*LUCRETIA and PHILIPPA appear on balcony, L.*) Those eyes—that mouth!

*Wil.* Yes, and she has a nose too.

*Alb.* Oh! if I had but the opportunity of speaking to yonder lovely creatures. (*ladies retire.*)

*Wil.* Don't, for the world! I'll tell your mother of you.

*Alb.* Have I not youth?—is my person ill-formed?—am not I company for yon brave gallants?

*Wil.* Mein Herr Von Albert, you are ramping mad for pleasure, and you know you are as poor as a Slauchenhausenberg mouse.

*Enter NICOLA, L. H., followed by pages.*

*Nic.* (*apart.*) Poor! ah! and a stranger, a fit object for my purpose. Newly arrived in Venice, signor? We are famed, and I hope not unjustly, for our hospitality; will it please you to enter and listen to our music?

*Alb.* That villa!—what—and those charming inmates—

*Nic.* Are my guests. Will you add to the merry group? With pleasing tales, harmonious voices, well-strung lutes, sparkling wine, and shady bowers, we here recal the days and nights of Boccacio!

*Alb.* But I am a perfect stranger to you.

*Nic.* Then you have the more claim to our attention, accept my proffered invitation.

*Wil.* (*aside to ALBERT.*) Don't.

*Alb.* Begone, sirrah! return to the gondola—convey the luggage to the hotel—away!

*Wil.* Let me implore—

*Nic.* Condescend, signor, to enter my gate, and you shall see whether Venetians be gay or sad; you shall tell me if our ladies are as handsome as yours of the northern clime!

*Alb.* Handsome ladies?—have with you!—willingly and thankfully I join your party!

[*Music.* NICOLA ushers him to the door, L., they enter.

*Servant pushes the door in WILLIBALD'S face.*

*Wil.* I don't like the look of that gentleman's whiskers at all; such a malicious curl on his upper lip! Master is gone to enjoy himself. How am I to enjoy myself? (*takes out a book.*) A little



reading to improve my mind, and a little eating to improve my body. (*takes out a large German sausage and knife.*) I'll have a slice and a chapter;—chop logic and sausage at the same time!

*Music.* Enter MONTORIO and inquisitor, L. E. R., 3 E. L. H.

Mon. (*pointing to door.*) Therein dwells the Spaniard, Nicôla; the holy office have sufficient proof that he follows the wizard's trade. Go! prepare your attendants, and I will be in readiness to point out the person of Nicola, that so subtle a sorcerer may become your victim.—Retire!

[*Exeunt MONTORIO and Inquisitor, L. E. R.*

Wil. How unlike most other Germans I am; when they read they choose such romances as "The Fatal Skull and Cross Bones," or "The Dead Men of Pest;" but I have a more lively work to cheer my spirits, it is called "A Dissertation upon Devils," by Mein Herr Ashtaroth Belpheghor Asmodeus. Dedicated (*I suppose, by permission*) to Belzebub. Written by some printer's devil, I'll be bound;—ha! ha! ha! it's very amusing. (*Reads.*) "Red Devils," "Blue Devils," "Zamiel," "Mephistophilis," "Demons," "Incubusses," "Fiends," "Imps," "Land Imps," "Water Imps," "Forest Imps," "Bottle Imps." Bottle Imps! what the devil are they? (*Reads.*) "Bottle Imps"! that must be a bottle of spirits. "Bottle Imps." (*Reads.*) "Whoever possesses one of these little devils, enclosed in a bottle, can command from it as much gold as he desires." Come, that's worth thinking about; but what are the conditions? for, from the time of Dr. Faustus to the present day, these gentlemen always make their conditions. (*Reads.*) "In return for these services, should the possessor of the Bottle Imp die without having sold his bottle"—Oh! (*closes book.*) oh, what a condition! Bless me!—"he becomes the property of Old Scratch." [Exit.

SCENE II.—(*Dark.*) The study of NICOLA; antique ebony cabinet, sliding pannel in flat, L. H.

Enter NICOLA, L. H.

Nic. Ah! laugh! laugh! infatuated revellers, laugh while ye can! To me, the shout, the jest, the swell of melody, all grate upon my satiated ear, and yet, to purchase such enjoyment, have I not sold myself? What is the result of all my midnight study?—the result of fascinating converse I have held, for years, with the mighty sages of the magic art? Avarice first prompted the hellish lucubrations; love of unbounded pleasure, of uncircumscribed luxury, rivetted the fatal chain which now I drag in bitter misery; I must rid myself of my torment. This cabinet contains the object, the loathsome

object, for which I have compacted with the Evil One! The Bottle Imp is my slave; yet what a wretched slave am I!

[*Music. He opens the cabinet, a bottle is discovered, on a shelf, transparent, a small black figure is moving about in it.*]

Fiend! Fiend! though through thee I possess the mastery of the means to procure wealth, yet how painfully do I feel thy inefficacy in securing to me happiness; for well I know my doom, should I die without having disposed of this charmed object for a less sum than I purchased it. The possession of thee has embittered each moment of my existence! 'tis thou hast led me on!

*Imp.* (without, 2 E. L. H.) To crime! ha! ha!

*Nic.* Crime! true; be it so, tormenting fiend! thou art my slave, and darest to accuse me.

*Imp.* Your own conscience will accuse you of every vice that can be engendered in a human being with a bad heart, and in the possession of unbounded means to gratify his passions.

*Nic.* I scorn thee.

*Imp.* An unprincipled destroyer of female innocence!

*Nic.* 'Tis you have aided me!

*Imp.* Revelling in the sighs and groans of the wretched victims of your wild desire.

*Nic.* 'Tis you have urged me on.

*Imp.* Ay, parricide!

*Nic.* Oh! horror! my father's blood still streams across my hands; I cannot bear the thought—tormenting fiend, away.

[*Closes cabinet.*]

*Imp.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Nic.* I cannot endure this load of misery. Yes, yon gay and ardent stranger shall buy the fatal treasure of me. (*takes the bottle out.*) Once more I put its magic power to the test, and for the last time—*Imp!* I part with thee; yet, ere I sell thee, slave, prepare for me a banquet of eastern magnificence—let revelry and gaiety hold court here.—Obey me, slave!

[*Peculiar music.*]

*Imp.* Thy wish is accomplished.—Behold!

[*Scene sinks with NICOLA; he has the bottle in his hand. NICOLA to sink on L. H. trap, then w. lights up.*]

SCENE III.—*Brilliant saloon, very splendidly illuminated. Guests. masqueraders, dancers, assembled; a gaming-table on one side, L. H. LUCRETIA seated, L. H. C. ALBERT in conversation with her. PHILLIPPA, C.*

FULL CHORUS whilst dance continues.

Sweet perfume breathing,

Joy's chaplet wreathing,

Hearts gaily breathing, smiles gild the scene.

Soft music thrilling,

Eyes with love filling,

Weave, weave the dance to the sweet mandolin.



As flies, at day-break,  
 Skim o'er the blue lake,  
 Quaffing the crystal of murmuring stream ;  
 So we delighted,  
 Fondly united,  
 Float in the radiance of pleasure's gold beam.

[ALBERT and LUCRETIA advance.]

ALBERT.

What sylph-like visions tempt my breast ?  
 And on my sight prevail,  
 Like May flowers scattered o'er my path,  
 By the laughing zephyr gale.

LUCRETIA.

The hunter-boy that Venus lov'd.  
 Than he was, ah, less bright,  
 His manly beauties charm my soul  
 Like beams of heavenly light.

(At the conclusion of the duet, LUCRETIA seats herself at the gaming-table, L., ALBERT follows, admiring her beautye NICOLA enters from amongst the crowd.)

Nic. Ah, as I wished ! could he be induced to join the players at yon table, his slender purse would soon diminish ; he would then be ripe for my anxious project. Ha ! he plays—he wins ; his countenance is already flushed—he redoubles his stake—he wins again, good ! It maddens him—he treads on the quicksand—he is engulfed—he throws again—he is a beggar now !

Alb. (rising to LUCRETIA.) Nay, fair lady, I play no more.

Nic. (to the guests.) Gallant cavaliers, ye are not wont to be so indolent ; ladies urge again the mazy dance ; music pour forth melodious fascination ; fill, fill the sparkling goblets to the brim. (pages hand wine ; NICOLA takes a goblet, another page gives it also to ALBERT.) Stranger I pledge you. (ALBERT drinks.) I pray ye resume the dance. (the waltzers recommence to soft music.) This, my friend, is my customary mode of life, does it please you ?

Alb. You are supremely blest, my noble host, having at your disposal all the charms that can embellish man's existence.

Nic. At my disposal ! I could, if I chose, tell you the way to be as happy, to be as rich as I am.

Alb. You are privileged to jeer, signor.

Nic. I jest not, but will fairly prove the truth of my assertion ; accompany me a few paces hence, out of the hearing of this joyous throng, and I will amazethine ear with a subtle secret.

Alb. I am your guest—I obey—I follow you.

[Exeunt, L. H., NICOLA and ALBERT, unperceived by the company ; the dance is continued throughout the above]



*dialogue ; but while dancing, the characters are suddenly thrown into confusion by the entrance of WILLIBALD with a portmanteau on his shoulder, and a lantern in his hand ; the music ceases.*

*Wil.* Beg pardon—is Mein Herr Von Albert here ?

*Chamberlain.* How now, fellow, what means this intrusion ?

*Wil.* I want my master.

*Cha.* Saucy knave !

*Wil.* Saucy knave ?

*Cha.* Unceremonious interloper !

*Wil.* What—eh ? astonishing ! I am Master Willibald of Slauchenhausen—fie for shame ; out upon you !

*Cha.* Out with you ! thrust him forth I say ; chastise his impertinence—out with him !

*[Music ; a bustle ; the pages and domestics surround WILLIBALD, he attempts to make fight, but after an ineffectual resistance, is thumped, and carried off amidst the laughter of the guests. Scene closes.]*

#### SCENE IV.—Sequestered part of the garden, dark.

*Enter WILLIBALD, R. H.*

*Wil.* Neck and heels !—neck and crop—cowards !—white-livered livery servants !—but I've broke the lantern over one of their heads ; I have spoilt it ; I have been cursedly ill-used ; kicked, as if I was a football, instead of a footman.

*Nic. (without, L. H.)* This way.

*Wil.* As I live, here comes master ! and old whiskers—more thumps if they catch me ; I'll hide here like the devil in a bush !

*[Exit, R. 2 E.]*

*Music. Enter NICOLA and ALBERT, L. H.*

*Alb.* Now, signor, your secret ?

*Nic.* Have you not already discovered, that yon gay Lucretia, looks upon you with an anxious eye ?

*Alb.* Psha !

*Nic.* 'Tis even so, our sultry clime rapidly engenders love ; passion is here of sudden growth—Lucretia, I swear to you, is enamoured ; truly, you are a fortunate fellow ; in a short hour you have mastered what thousands in Venice sigh vainly for ; but love—ha ! ha ! what is love without wealth to sweeten it ?

*Alb.* Wealth ! your game at hazard has reduced me to my last five ducats.

*Nic.* The last ; humph ! you mean the last in your present possession.

*Alb.* Nay, the last I have, or have any means of getting.

*Nic.* Then I should suppose my young friend that you would not be sorry to possess that which I am nearly weary of, the power of procuring money in any sum, and at any time you please.

*Alb.* Still jesting, my liberal host !

Nic. This power, such as it is, I am willing to dispose of to you for a trifling consideration.

Alb. Eh! what occasion can you possibly have for money if you wish to part with the power of obtaining it, yourself?

Nic. It is needless to explain either my motive or the manner in which I can enrich you.

Alb. I am nearly penniless—proceed, good signor.

Nic. I know not whether you are acquainted with certain little spirits, that are called “Bottle Imps.”

Alb. In early legend only I have heard of such; but credit not their existence! A devil in a bottle! ha! ha! ha!

Nic. Whoever possesses one of these Bottle Imps can command from it whatever worldly possession he most desires.

Alb. Ay, so runs the tale; can you prove the efficacy of these friendly demons?

Nic. I can—mine cost me ten ducats.

Alb. Yours?

Nic. 'Tis even so—for nine ducats, you shall be master of it.

Alb. Alas! I have told you I have but five ducats left!

Nic. Well, I will not be hard with you; give me the money (*snatches at purse eagerly.*)

Alb. Hold! a thought strikes me; tell me, is there not some fearful condition annexed to the possession of these imps—you hesitate!

Nic. A condition—ha! ha! ha! what should there be? only that if the owner wants to part with it, the Bottle Imp must be sold for less than he gave for it...and it would be as well to get rid of it before death!

Alb. What mean you?

Nic. Merely—one would not like to die with the devil at one's elbow; but you neither covet the command of wealth, nor the possession of the lovely Lucretia; farewell. (*going across, L.*)

Alb. Lovely Lucretia, stay.—I buy your Bottle Imp. (*gives money.*)

Nic. Here, here is your treasure, (*gives ALBERT the bottle,*) and if you wish to satisfy yourself of the efficacy of the power of the imp, you have but to wish—the cap of Fortunatus, the lamp of Aladdin could not more amply recompense you.

Alb. I wish for gold!—Gold in my grasp. (*music.*)

Bottle Imp. Thy wish is accomplished.

Nic. Are you satisfied?

Alb. Amply. (*a purse in his hand.*)

Nic. (*aside.*) Poor dupe! thou hast resigned future hope for present indulgence. Farewell, stranger. (*crosses B.*) Farewell, we do not meet again.

Alb. Do you leave Venice?

Nic. For ever.—Re-enter you gay villa—'tis yours—ge join the festive throng, and dream that you are happy. (*Aside*) Farewell, poor fool, 'tis but a dream!

[*Exeunt NICOLA, R., and ALBERT, L. H.*]



SCENE V.—*Exterior of the farm of WALDECK. Enter from the door WALDECK and CONRADE, in uniform.*

Con. My leave of absence expired, my dear father, I return to my regiment.—Farewell.

Wal. Farewell, my excellent son.

Con. And yet, ere I quit my home, my loved Locarno, I cannot help expressing my uneasiness at the state of mind in which I leave my only sister, Marcelia—

Wal. I love her dearly, for she is the pet lamb of my flock; and, truly, I have noticed she has been sad lately.

Con. Is there a lover in the case, think ye, father?

Wal. I thought of marrying her to Master Bertolini, the fat olive-merchant.

Con. My reason for thus thinking is, that yesterday I observed my sister weeping. She did not perceive me watching her; she took a miniature portrait from her bosom, which she kissed most fervently, and bathed with her tears.

Wal. Eh! why Master Bertolini, the olive-merchant, never sat for his picture,

Con. She has then a secret lover whom you, my father, must discover, and make dear Marcelia happy, if possible; would that I had the task, but the expiration of my furlough compels me to return this very hour. I have bade a sweet and tearful adieu to my poor sister. Father, your blessing, and farewell. (*Music. CONRADE kisses his father's hand, they embrace.*)

[Exit CONRADE, L.]

Wal. My noble-hearted boy.—Bless you, Conrade, bless you; but I like not this tale of secret love.—Marcelia approaches.—I will withdraw awhile. (*Music, retires, L. 2 E.*)

*Enter MARCELIA from cottage, D. F.*

Mar. Blessings go with you, dearest brother; I regret you have left us, though your presence was a weight upon my guilty mind. Happy Conrade, his heart is free from care! Cruel, cruel Albert, why didst thou forsake me? (*takes out a picture.*) This winning smile and beaming eye, alas, lost is your fond caress. Could I but regain Albert my grief were past—can I forget the hour when he first whispered his love—never!

AIR.

At the silent hour, when all is still,  
The silent hour of night, love,  
We'll meet at the foot of yon thorn-clad hill,  
Beneath the moon's pale light, love;  
For here no sounds but the mournful bird,  
Or breeze that murmurs by, love,  
Or our whisper'd vows shall around be heard,  
Or breath of my gentle sigh, love!

For the silent hour and moon-lit tree,  
To lovers only known, love,



By a calm and sacred purity,  
 Are marked as all our own, love;  
 And there no prying eye shall see  
 Within our secret bower, love,  
 But hovering spirits, guarding thee,  
 Shall bless that silent hour, love.

*Re-enter WALDECK, L. H. 2 E.*

*Wal.* Here's a lovely day for getting in the harvest, not a cloud in the sky—ha! daughter.

*Mar.* Dearest father.

*Wal.* Eh! there looks as if there had been a cloud here, though, (*takes her hand.*) Marcelia, you are for ever weeping—There, dry up your tears—Conrade is gone—don't cry, for, upon my life, I cannot bear it.

*Mar.* (*sobbing.*) I won't, dear father.

*Wal.* Now listen to me, I have something particular to say to you.

*Mar.* To me, father?

*Wal.* Yes, to you; so pay attention. Signor Bertolini, you know—

*Mar.* Yes, dear father.

*Wal.* Well, he—that is—I—that is to say—you—(*aside.*) Plague take the old fool, why does he send me to court my own daughter for him? In short, you are to marry Bertolini before you are a week older.

*Mar.* Never! mercy, mercy, never!

*Wal.* Heyday, here are heroics. I suspect there's another lover in the case; why that blush and confusion? Show me the miniature you have there—you tremble—then I insist. (*takes the picture.*) How! a portrait of the young German traveller, Albert! I perceive it all; and thus has the villain repaid our hospitality; but you must think no more of him. Girl, girl, immediately prepare you to receive the addresses of Bertolini!

*Mar.* (*kneels.*) Ah! my father! It is impossible—impossible—I am a guilty creature! spurn me. O did you know how my heart upbraids me that I should have given cause to so kind a parent, to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace!

*Wal.* Guilty? disgrace? Marcelia!

*Mar.* Nothing can allay the anguish which I suffer at the recollection of the past, and the thoughts of the present; and yet, my father, though my mind is filled with remorse, it is still distracted by love.

*Wal.* Villain, villain, Albert! (*crosses to r.*)

*Mar.* I could have reproached him, but my heart was not made for it . . . . I could only weep.

*Wal.* Rise to thy father's heart again, poor bruised flower—bless thee, fallen as thou art, I bless thee; had I Conrade's arm—but no! prepare thee, Marcelia, prepare thee instantly for a journey; I will follow this unprincipled voluptuary to Venice; I will pursue and humble him to the dust; he shall

make thee reparation, girl. Thy inexperience, my child, pleads some excuse in falling into the snare of a seducer; come, do not fear, he shall right thee, or if he refuses, then indeed my curse—the terrible curse of an old man, the curse of a parent for his lost child shall cleave to him and blight him. Come—*(raises her tenderly)*—a father still supports you.

*[Exeunt into cottage]*

SCENE VI.—*Handsome bedchamber; lamp burning; WILLIBALD arranging; dark.*

*Wil.* Now, here's the room all ready for master; here's a pretty business! how is it all to be paid for? all eating and drinking and devilling—revelling I mean—I won't stay in his service, and if he won't take warning from any body else, I'll give him warning, to-morrow.

*Enter ALBERT, L. H.*

*Alb.* Possessed of my treasure, I regard even the potentates and princes of the world with disdainful compassion! My riches are boundless! but, what are the riches without the blessings of health? the intemperance with which I have plunged into sensual delight has thrown me into a languor of death!

*Wil.* Master, dear master Albert.

*Alb.* Willibald, get thee rest, good fellow.

*Wil.* Oh, if you would but listen to my exhortations, I will talk to you for three hours without stopping.

*Alb.* Begone! nay, I meant not to be unkind to you.

*Wil.* Good night, master. I must give him a lecture: Oh, if your father and mother—well, I won't—yonder is your night-cap—good night, dear master. *[Exit reluctantly, L. H.]*

*Alb.* This strange and uneasy sensation, I dread to seek my couch. *(bell tolls 2.)* 'Tis morn, perhaps my charmed talisman may aid me to remove this dread depression. *(takes the BOTTLE IMP from under his robe, and places it on the table.)* Sprite, fiend, whate'er thou art, I invoke thee to preserve my health, to give me balmy sleep. *(music, ALBERT reclines on the bed.)* No, the hope of repose is vain; demon, demon, aid me; *(gets to couch, R.; lights down; wild strains of music; the discordant voice of the BOTTLE IMP is heard.)*

Albert, Albert, thou prayest in vain;

Prepare thee, now for eternal pain

No herb that grows the pangs of death can heal.

I joy—for that thou art mine, I feel.

*Alb.* Horror.

*Bot. Imp.* Behold! *(music; blue fire; a column of smoke arise from the bottle; which smoke gradually assumes the form of a large demon; it disappears from the curtain, and is immediately seen by the side of ALBERT, leaning over the couch.)*

*Alb.* Ah! what art thou?

*Imp.* Thy slave.



*Alb.* My slave ! away, your presence chills my blood.

*Imp.* Hast thou not purchased me, made me your friend ; can I be so ungrateful as to neglect paying thee a nightly visit ?—ay, nightly.

*Alb.* A nightly visit—horror ! (*starts up and runs into L. corner.*)

*Imp.* You must learn to love me—for are you not mine when your eyes are closed in death ? (*puts his hand on ALBERT'S heart.*)

*Alb.* Ah, that icy weight !

*Imp.* Enjoy yourself while you remain on earth ; your hours are past in feasting, but they are numbered !

*Alb.* Dread fiend—avaunt ! (*crosses to R.*)

*Imp.* Thou may'st be the envy of the world during the day ; but night must come ; and at night thou must always expect my cheering presence ; then shall you feel the pressure of this friendly hand on your heart thus—thus—

*Alb.* (*groans, swoons ; Music ; re enter WILLIBALD with a light.*)

*Wil.* Master—what is the matter ? (*turns and sees the BOTTLE IMP.*) Oh ! oh ! (*falls on the floor ; music ; act drop rapidly descends.*)

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Saloon in the Villa ; a door opening to garden ; the river ; enter WILLIBALD, dressed, wand in his hand, R.*

*Wil.* Nice night's rest I've had ; I swear I saw it—was it or was it not ? if it was, why was it in master's bed-room ?—if it was my last day, I saw a great hairy devil with his huge dingy body against the white curtains, and then I fell faint, and then I fell down ;—(*looks round.*) What has become of old whiskers ? Where does the money come from ? Here am I in my finery, and a pretty peacock I look like, elevated to the post of chamberlain of the household—a household which, saving myself, are magical and diabolical. I'll be bound this livery has been made by a devil amongst the tailors. And I am to order the other servants about, I am afraid of them.

*Enter two FOOTMEN and BUTLER with bottles, on a waiter, R.*

They are all evil spirits, I am certain. (*sees them.*) Eh, how ! keep off—*exorciso te.* (*they bow.*) The footmen are ramping devils, and the butler is a " Bottle Imp."

*Foot.* Would it please you, sir, to take chocolate ?

*Wil.* (*aside.*) Chocolate—devil's milk—I taste no food in this house—I must be civil to them—Not any thank you, your infernal majesties.

*Ser.* Ha ! ha ! ha !—ha ! ha ! ha !

*Wil.* Bobs, these are merry devils ! (*apart.*) I don't see their



forked tails tho'—I'll be polite, for fear of the worst—Good fiends.

Ser. Fiends?

Wil. Good friends, I mean—I left an R out, be so obliging as to vanish away, (*aside*) with as small a smell of sulphur as you possibly can.

Enter PHILLIPA, R. H.

Foot. Signora Phillipa! our new major domo is in a whimsical humour.

Phi. Indeed?

Wil. (*apart.*) That's a *she* devil.

Phi. We commend ourselves to your service, (*crosses to c.*) your condescending kindness shall be repaid on our parts, by the utmost warmth. (*courtesies.*)

Wil. Warmth; I don't doubt it, that beautiful female imp has two or three *flames*, I dare say.

But. If you should want us, signor, you will find us below—below!

[*Servants bow and exeunt, R. H.*]

Wil. I don't doubt it! all three of you whistling to the dog Cerberus, and each of you feeding a head!

Phi. You look admirably in your new dress, signor.

Wil. Flattery—many a man is seduced by flattery. But I won't be—tempting little devil, too—

Phi. You like our dwelling-place?

Wil. Your dwelling-place? never was there, thank mercy—(*aside*) her dwelling-place.

Phi. Ah, signor, my mistress is very much attached to your master; (*mysteriously*) if I thought no one was near, I could unfold a tale.

Wil. (*aside.*) Unfold her tail! No, no; remain as you are—no don't unfold. (*puts his wand down to her feet unperceived.*) She has never a hoof, but a pretty little foot, I am astonished!

Phi. And what are you astonished at, pray?

Wil. Why, you little imp, you own to the forked tail, but are without the hoofs.

Phi. Hoofs, indeed! know, you exceedingly silly little foreigner, that in Venice here, I am reckoned a very nice little girl—hoofs, indeed!

Wil. Ha, ha, I've set her kicking.

Comic Duet.

Phi. No! Signor Willibald!  
Pray mark my word—  
When a lady's insulted.

Wil. I know she'll be heard.

Phi. You, Signor Willibald  
Shall find to your cost,  
That I've a defender.

Wil. O dear! I am lost!

Poison—stilettoes !

I tremble, I own,  
But I trust that stilettoes  
Still let me alone.

*Phi.* Then endeavour in future  
With grace to behave.

*Wil.* Yes, sweetest Philippa  
Your pardon I crave,  
Yes, pretty Philippa  
Shall see I can mend.

*Phi.* Salute this, and swear now  
You'll ne'er more offend. (*he kisses her hand.*)

*Both.* With dance and forgiveness  
Chase anger away,

Fal, la, la, la, &c.

[*Exeunt, L. II.*]

*Enter ALBERT, R. H., followed by LUCRETIA.*

*Alb.* Nay, Lucretia !

*Luc.* Why, dearest Albert, why do you fly my presence, you, who but yesterday vowed eternal constancy, why are you so pale, so agitated ?

*Alb.* I would be alone—my night was restless—inquire not further.

*Luc.* Confide, Albert, in one who loves you, who lives but to please you.

*Alb.* (*putting his hand beneath his cloak.*) Fatal, fatal purchase . and ah ! how near—close enough to feel the palpitation of my troubled heart.

*Luc.* What have you there ? (*pulling the mantle aside, bottle discovered.*)

*Alb.* A mere toy ; I prithee, touch it not.

*Luc.* I must behold this toy. (*screams.*) Ah ! (*seizes and throws it into the river.*)

*Alb.* What have you done ? deprived me of my treasure !

*Luc.* Your treasure ?

*Alb.* Yes, you have ruined my fortune for ever. Dear Lucretia, I valued that which you have thrown into the flood greatly beyond my power of expressing.

*Luc.* And I, in an idle mood, have deprived you of it. I will hasten the domestics, and seek again your prize. Albert, forgive me, I will soon recover it. [*Exit hastily, R. H.*]

*Alb.* Never ! never ! I saw the bottle float down the stream. The power of obtaining incalculable riches gone ! and ye<sup>s</sup> I have reason to bless the hand that has taken it from me. It is t at the bottom of the river, and I again am free !

(*Music, voice of Imp.*) No !

(*The bottle appears on the table.*) *Alb.* There again ! 'tis in vain to attempt to lose this dreaded purchase. (*looks at bottle.*) Malicious devil, if I again call upon thee for thy services, it is that I may rid myself of thee for ever. (*Imp laughs wildly.*) I will dispose of my fatal bargain !—Ha ! Willibald !



*Enter WILLIBALD, L. H.*

*Wil.* Here, master, how do you like my new clothes?

*Alb.* Listen! you see yonder odd-shaped bottle.

*Wil.* Yes, and a very ugly decanter it is.

*Alb.* Without remark, or questioning my motive, carry that bottle to the street, and sell it to any one who will buy it; the price for it must be under five ducats.

*Wil.* So I should think by the look of it, but why should you want to sell?

*Imp.* Ay, why?

*Wil.* (*looks at his master.*) "Ay, why?" That's what I ask, only you croak so. How your voice is altered!

*Alb.* My voice altered?

*Wil.* Yes, and now it is altered again.

*Alb.* Perplex me not with your prosing, but instantly convey that bottle from my sight. [*WILLIBALD turns his head.*]

*Imp.* "At your peril!"

*Wil.* Well, Mr. Albert, you do give the most contradictory commands; you tell me to go and sell it at my peril!

*Alb.* Away, away! (*crosses to L.*) and return not till you have disposed of that hateful bottle for less than five ducats.

(*Business with bottle; in taking it, when WILLIBALD goes for it, the Imp says, "Ha!" &c.*) [*Exit, L. H.*]

*Wil.* Sir, master, hadn't I better tell the wine merchant to take it back.—O, I know I *must* obey him.—Sell it to somebody for less than five ducats.—O, master is a delirious madly incoherent, deranged lunatic. (*PHILLIPPA crosses L. H.*) There's the pretty she-devil again; perhaps she'll purchase it. Hark ye, little what d'ye call'em, will you buy this bottle of me?

*Phi.* Buy such a frightful vessel as that; no, not if it was filled with otto of roses. (*crosses to L.*)

*Wil.* I don't know what is in it, but it will be a devilish good bargain for any body. I'll walk into the street and try and sell it. I understand Mynheer Von Albert too well to go back to him without having executed his commission. Who'll buy a bottle?—Any body buy a bottle? [*Exit, L. H.*]

*Phi.* Our new master and his man are odd personages.—Gone! all out of sight—nay, then it is near the time to keep the appointment with my own true Venetian, in the jessamine bower.

### SONG.

I'm going all alone to the jessamine bower,  
To the rose-tree that blooms in the grove;  
But I seek what is sweeter than dew-spangled flower,  
A kiss from the lips of the youth that I love

His eyes are so bright

As the stars in the night,

His smile is like Heaven, his hand is quite free,

Ah, no, 'tis promis'd, but promised to me.

Yes, dear to my heart is the nightingale's measure,  
 In the moonlight that silvers the grove ;  
 But I prize still much dearer the lattice-breath'd treasure  
 A kiss from the lip of the youth that I love  
     His eyes are so bright,  
     As the stars in the night.  
 His smile is like Heaven, his hand is quite free,  
 Ah, no, no, 'tis promis'd, but promis'd to me. [Exit, R. H.]

## SCENE II.—A street.

Enter WILLIBALD, L. H.

Wil. Who'll buy a bottle? Every body laughs at me; one gentleman inquired if I was the bottle conjuror? another said he'd crack a bottle with me, if my head was hard enough, but I declined—nobody will have it.—Master comes this way again. O, I dare not tell him I have not sold it; no, no, I've got three ducats in my breeches pocket—to keep matters all right I'll give Mr. Albert the three ducats, and make him believe that I've got rid of it. I'll buy the bottle—now the bottle is mine, (*puts it into a pocket,*) ahem!

Re-enter ALBERT, R. H.

Alb. Well, Willibald, is it disposed of?

Wil. Yes, it is disposed of.

Alb. For what price?

Wil. For three ducats (*aside*) out of my breeches pocket.

Alb. Inestimable fellow. Oh! Willibald, you do not know what a balm you have applied to your master's heart.

Wil. Glad of it.

Alb. That bottle, strange as it may appear, was the total destruction of my peace of mind. I never could have been happy as long as I was the possessor of it.

Wil. Eh!

Alb. If you had not sold it I should have gone mad; the very horror of having it about my person would have destroyed me!

Wil. (*feeling his pocket.*) What did you say?

Alb. It could bring nothing but dire misery to its owner, its purchaser!

Wil. Misery—the bottle—what is in it then? (*alarmed.*)

Alb. Never ask! Suffice it, that your master is rid of it; it is too dreadful to mention to human ear. How I pity the miserable, the unfortunate wretch! Thanks to you, good fellow, I am free—I am again out of the power of the evil one! Thanks, my faithful servant,—blessings on you! [Exit, L. H.]

Wil. Misery! I don't feel any misery! Why, what could master mean? Oh, it's only his fun! Master has never been like himself ever since he came to this Venice—nasty wet place! I have done nothing but catch cold ever since I have been here,



and I'm sure I regret now I ever left my home at Slauchenberg—(*seats himself in chair*) my dear relations—my six lovely little brothers and sisters. I wish, pretty creatures, I could hear all their little voices singing, as I did the night I left them, just as they were going to bed, the night I came away!

*Imp. (without.)* Listen! (*voices of children at wings.*)

Boys and girls come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day!

*Wil.* Hallo! why that's their song, sure enough, and their voices too.—Where are you, young rascals?—I wish I could see every one of them!

*Imp. (without.)* Behold!

[*Music. Six children run through panels, in their night dresses, they surround and caress him.*]

*Chi.* Willibald! Willibald! Brother Willibald!

*Wil.* Hey! hey!—Silence! silence!—Oh! plague take you! wish you, every one of you, in bed again! (*Music. The children disappear suddenly.*) Well, that's extraordinary! where did they all come from?—where are they all gone to?—Murder! my mind misgives me.—This bottle!—what's in it?—looks like a pickled lobster. Murder! I've been and bought a bottle imp. Where's my "Dissertation on Devils?" (*takes out his book.*) Fool! Fool! what's to be done? Page twenty-seven,—(*reads*) "Should the possessor die,"—die—I'm very ill! My only chance is to sell this bottle directly. What an ass have I been! (*takes bottle.*) I deserve a good sound thrashing for my stupidity, (*going*) and I wish I had it too.

(*Music. A beating heard without. WILLIBALD roars loudly—*  
Don't! don't!—Be quiet, I say!—Oh! oh! [*Exit, R. H.*]

### SCENE III.—A street in Venice.

*Enter ALBERT, L. H.*

*Alb.* Could I have believed it possible? no! no!—Lucretia false! Lucretia has threatened to denounce me to the Inquisition, as a sorcerer, and has determined never to see me more! Ah! woman! woman! yet I deserve my fate; I, who abandoned the beautiful, and guileless Marcelia, when I had won her first love! Yes, Marcelia, I will again seek you, and by the devotion of my life, hope to recover your forgiveness and affection.

#### *Song.*

They mourn me dead in my father's hall,  
The black banner waves o'er its tower,  
While bitterly weeps my forsaken maid,  
In her long neglected bow'r;  
Oh maiden cease those pearly tears,  
And give thy lute its tone,  
For a penitent knight returns to thy arms,  
And the joys of the days that are gone.

The harp shall sound in my father's hall,  
 The gay minstrels merrily sing,  
 And village bells greeting my glad return  
 A sweet bridal peal shall ring.  
 Then maiden cease, &c.

[Exit, R. R.]

Enter WILLIBALD, L. H.

Wil. Who'll buy a bottle? it's of no use; I can't get rid of it, what a concatenation of uncomfortableness! Here have I got a regular devil corked down; I threw it in a pond, just now; but it came back again, high and dry. It's a spirit won't mix with water—give me the blue devils! Yonder I see a Jew pedlar—hem! perhaps he will purchase it; I'll try it on, they traffic in most articles—they are a great commercial people.

Enter SHADRACK, R. 1 E.

Hark ye, pedlar!

Sha. Did you call me? any ting in my way? buy! buy!

Wil. Buy! buy! No, sell! sell!

Sha. Vell, sell or buy, ish all de shame to Shadrack; vat ish your merchandize?

Wil. This beautiful bottle. (*exhibits it.*)

Sha. Beautiful bottle?—not worth a dump!

Wil. Oh!! don't say so! I shall never get rid of it; only look at it! Here's a wonderful queer, outlandish, monstratious animal, in high spirits in it—stick it in an apothecary's window, it will draw a hundred patients to the shop, sick or well.

Sha. Its *curish*; let me look at it; I'll deal veth you, if I can. Vat you ax for it?

Wil. I'm very moderate—two ducats!

Sha. Two devilish!

Wil. (*aside.*) There's only *one*! what will you give me, I'd rather sell it.

Sha. *Itsh* very ugly pattern, de bottle.

Wil. It's the last new pattern.

Sha. Ash for the sthuff inside, dat ish vorse!

Wil. Perhaps I'll lay out something with you. Take it: give me the money.

Sha. Vell, let me look at it again; you shaid you would lay out shomething in my shop; I'll deal vith you, if I can; I'll tell you vat, I'll give you twenty soldi.

Wil. You deal a hard bargain with me—give me the money,

Sha. You shaid you would lay out shometing.

Wil. I like to be independent in my dealing.

Sha. Dere! (*gives money.*) Four, eight, sixteen.

Wil. No! twelve!

Sha. You are right.

Wil. You didn't know.

Sha. Vhy, vat's de matter? (*shakes bottie.*)



Wil. Oh ! you'll have shaking enough, by and bye !—what have you here, that will be useful ?

Sha. Razors !

Wil. I've no beard ! you want the razors yourself, master pedlar.

Sha. Pair of skaits ?

Wil. Skaits ! no ice, but ice-cream—can't skait on ice-cream.

Sha. Vatch chain. (*showing it.*)

Wil. I've no watch.

Sha. Buy a vatch. (*holding it up.*)

Wil. No go ! I wouldn't deal with him for the world.—Evil communications—

Sha. Fish hooks ?

Wil. No catch, (*looks off*) I must get rid of this Jew. Do you see that person coming this way ? he belongs to the police, and is one of those cursed fellows who treat the Israelites so ill ; he won't hurt you—you are not a Jew, you know—Don't go, my good man.

Sha. Yesh, but I am though, and I must keep out of de way. Devilish take the polishe ! (*runs off, R.*)

Wil. And the pedlar takes the devil ! ha, ha, ha !—Good riddance to bad rubbish. I'll never buy another bottle.

*Enter NICOLA, meanly attired, L. 2 E.*

Nic. The demon has left me pennyless ; the pangs of hunger assail me, and I have not wherewith to satisfy my craving.

Wil. I'm glad I got that twenty soldi !—I had only a picola left.—Now I will make my way home again.

Nic. Good stranger, charity to an unfortunate ; I am a wretched beggar, and pining for bread.

Wil. Charity ! are you hungry ? well, here's a piece of real Slauchenhausenberg. (*offering sausage.*) Stay, here's a picola for you,—the thirty-sixth part of an English farthing,—get something comfortable ; don't spend it all at once. (*gives coin.*) What a delightful thing it is to do a benevolent action ! (*affects to wipe his eyes.*) [Exit L.

Nic. A piece of money, of the smallest value in the world—so much for charity ! I am not yet a hardened beggar, and my soul revolts at the occupation,—it were better to starve ! But I am still free, and may again know happiness, having escaped the direful clutches of the evil one.

(*Music.*) *Enter MONTORIO and INQUISITOR—he points to NICOLA—INQUISITOR claps his hands.—Several attendants of the inquisition enter—they throw a hood over NICOLA, and drag him off.*)

Mon. To the carriage ! quick ! Convey him in silence away ! [Exeunt, L. II.

SHADRACK reappears, at the back, with his ox, R.

Sha. Plesh ma heart, dere's a peesh of pisshines !—I'm glad it isn't me !—Vat's dat ?—vat's the matter vi my box ?—Dere's nothing here but the bottle.—I feels all over so comical, and I have had the meagrimms ever since I boght de ugly

bottle.—I vish, vid all my heart, I could shell it again.—I would shell my box and all my goods, a bargain, to any one that would purchase them of me.

*Enter ALBERT, R. H. dressed meanly.*

*Alb.* What was yon commotion?

*Sha.* De people of de inquisition have taken up a suspected gentleman.

*Alb. (aside.)* The officers of the Inquisition!—Lucretia then has denounced me!—How fortunate is this disguise; in it will I travel back to Germany,—buy yon pedlar's box of wares; it will add to the alteration of my person. Hark ye, Jew! this purse is thine; in exchange give me thy stock in trade.

*Sha.* Vat, for my box and all my goods? Tanky! Where's de money?—Take 'em!—I vish you luck vid 'em, and I'm glad I've sold e'm.—A goot bargain!—Dish vay, master; for de money, my whole shop is yours, bottle and all!

*[Exeunt ALBERT, R. H., SHADRACK, L.]*

SCENE IV.—*Open country in the neighbourhood of Venice.*—

*Tents—suttlng-booth.—Soldiers carousing—some cleaning their accoutrements.—Roll of drum.—Enter CONRADE, R.—Sentinels present arms.—An officer gives a paper to him.*

*Off.* Dispatch from the general.

*Con.* Enough. (*opens and reads.*) “To the commanding officer of the district.—Head quarters. Whereas it has been represented that a spirit of gambling has arisen in the 5th Regiment of Musqueteers,—and that it has so far proceeded, that soldiers have staked even their arms and accoutrements at play,—the general commands that immediate notice be given to check so glaring an evil, and that the first delinquent on this score will be ordered for instant execution.”—In the licentious state of our levies, it is time that this regulation should be enforced. (*calls another officer.*) The regiment must be paraded, and this order read.

*[March in orchestra, drums beat. Exit CONRADE into tent, L. 2 E. Exeunt officers and soldiers, R. 2 E.]*

*Enter ALBERT in the disguise of a pedlar, with the Jew's box.*

*Alb.* So far from the confines of Venice, have I escaped, and am not pursued by the familiars of the dreadful Inquisition; i'faith I am weary. (*puts his box L. H., before trap.*) What have we here; a camp, a regiment of musqueteers; what, if I enlisted, I am well inured to the duties of a soldier. My journey hither has parched my mouth! a goblet of the delicious Bene-Carlo wine I was accustomed to drink would be very acceptable. (*R. B., blue fire underneath; stage music; a goblet on a salver rises on a pedestal.*)

*Alb.* How! eh! what is this? (*ring, B.*)

*[The BOTTLE IMP rises out of the pedlar's box, in a blue flame; dark; green mediums up.]*



*Imp.* Your slave anticipates your wishes

*Alb.* Accursed fiend! what miserable act recalls your presence?

*Imp.* Simply, that you have repurchased me with the pedler's stock! and I am still your servant.

*Alb.* Unhappy wretch! avaunt, destroyer, of my peace, I will not seek your aid—avaunt!

*Imp.* You will need me ere long, the sum for which I am bought and sold has become miserably low; two more disposals will bring my purchaser to my grasp. Then, then for my triumph.

*Alb.* Away! (*music; IMP disappears; ring, B., medium down.*) Yes, I will brave danger, will enlist into this regiment; some friendly ball may rid me of an existence of which I am weary.

*Enter a SERGEANT, R. H.*

*Ser.* Now pedler, what do you in the camp?

*Alb.* I am ready if you will accept the services of a volunteer, but who comes to your hands a practised soldier, to push my fortune in your valiant corps. (*takes up box.*)

*Ser.* A well-limbed fellow, and of a noble spirit; follow me to the commandant. [*Music, exeunt, R. H.*]

*Enter WALDECK, MARCELIA, and a SOLDIER, L. H.*

*Wal.* To Lieutenant Conrade—lead us to Lieutenant Conrade. (*gives paper to SOLDIER, SOLDIER goes to CONRADE'S tent.*) Ah! Marcelia this has been a wearisome journey, and Venice have I searched in vain for the villain that has wronged you; cheer up, cheer up, my child, I will find him if he is on earth.

*Mar.* Father, in pity to yourself, in pity to me, return to your home, and I will lie me down on my poor mother's grave and die.

*Wal.* Child! child! all shall be well again.

*Enter CONRADE from tent, L. 2 E.*

*Con.* (*rushing to them.*) My father, Marcelia, too, what joy! to what happy event am I to attribute your unexpected, yet welcome visit!

*Wal.* Oh, there is a weight like lead at my heart; Conrade, my son, a sad tale must be disclosed, your sister is lost, dishonoured. (*MARCELIA faints into CONRADE'S arms.*)

*Con.* Aid me to carry her to the tent; sweet girl be still assured of our pity, our love.

[*Music, exeunt WALDECK and CONRADE, supporting MARCELIA into the tent, 2 E. L.*]

*Enter JOMELLI, ALBERT, and SOLDIERS, R. H.*

*Alb.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Jom.* This way, recruit; nobody shall play with the recruit but myself. Hark ye, recruit, I'm for play, seven the main;

thou must be initiated, and thy comrades must taste of thy wine-flask there. (*points to the magic bottle.*)

*Alb.* (*aside.*) They have discovered my everlasting attendant.

*Jom.* Is it schnaps, or schiedam.

*Alb.* For six soldi it is yours—if you will become the purchaser.

*Jom.* That's cheap, if it's spirits.

*Alb.* Quick, quick—the price, the price.

*Jom.* Don't be in a hurry—rather difficult for a private to find any of the public money. (*gives money.*) There, there's the money.

*Alb.* And there's the bottle. (*gives magic bottle.*)

*Jom.* Now then for a rattle of the dice-box; I'll soon win your six soldi again; and our comrades will troll a merry round the while.

[*Exeunt JOMELLI and ALBERT, R. H.*  
*Soldier's Chorus.*

[*Exeunt SOLDIERS, L. 1 E.*

*Enter MARCELIA from tent. L. 2 E.*

*Mar.* My father, wearied with his journey, sleeps; I'll watch, lest any noisy intruder should awaken him.

*Jom.* (*re-enters R. H.*) Ha! ha! ha! what a heedless, inconsiderate, young, raw recruit that must be! I've won all his money,—then he was mad enough, stupid enough, and drunk enough, to risk his canteen at the game, but that he lost to the one-eyed trumpeter; then comes the commandant to inspect the accoutrements, but the one-eyed trumpeter had sold the canteen, and swallowed the price in drink. Oh, what wicked seducers are a dice-box and a bottle!

*Mar.* An aged father reposes in yon tent, prithee be silent.

*Jom.* Monstrous pretty girl.—I am in such high spirits I can refuse nothing.—I'll be as silent as a sentinel. (*Muffled drums without, L. H.*) Hark! somebody in trouble.

*Mar.* What is the meaning of that mournful sound?

*Jom.* Oh, a young recruit from Germany has been gambling away his canteen, so they are going to shoot him, as an example, that's all.

*Mar.* Canteen?

*Jom.* Yes, like this, (*points to his own canteen,*) not this, (*points to the Bottle Imp.*)

*Mar.* And have they condemned a poor youth to death for so small a crime as losing a canteen?

*Jom.* Strict military discipline, bless you, that's the thing to keep a soldier steady. (*reels*) They have given the young fellow a quarter of an hour's life to try and recover his canteen. Ramrods and cartridges, how something throbs in this bottle! —(*puts it down on a bank.*)

*Mar.* What have you there?

*Jom.* That's my canteen—the other is, I don't know what, but I wish, with all my heart, it was the poor German's lost canteen. (*Bottle changes to canteen, JOMELLI brings down bottle.*) I don't like this—I shall be in a nice scrape here—They'll pop at me if they catch me



*Mar.* Here, good fellow, if you are in fear of the consequences, retire ; but sell me this, here take this piece of money, I pray you. (*she receives it.*)

*Jom.* Hark ! I will, I will ! But contrive that the poor fellow has his canteen, and your own happy feeling will reward you, my pretty lass. (*drum,—gives her canteen.*) Don't like muffled drums at all. (*staggers off, L. H.*)

[*MARCELIA places the canteen in the tent. March, muffled drums. ALBERT and guards, R. CONRADE, from tent.*

*Con.* Step forth, soldier ! the time has expired.—Prepare yourself to bid adieu to life.—It is my painful duty to see your sentence executed.—Have you any thing at this critical moment to say, or wish, that you may meet death with your conscience at ease?

*Alb.* Officer, you are humane ; one trifling favour I would request :—this ring, when I am no more, if you would permit this ring to be sent to Lucarno.

*Con.* How, my native village !

*Alb.* Therein dwells a farmer, Waldeck by name, convey this ring to his daughter, Marcelia ; say, that he who sent it died in bitter repentance for the ruin he had effected—say this was Albert's dying thought !

*Con.* Albert, are you the villain, the seducer, Albert ? At such a moment my own feelings of resentment should subside. (*drum muffled without, L.*) Soldier, that is the signal for your death.

*Alb.* Farewell, sir, accept my dying thanks. (*kneels.*)

[*Music. The detachment form in a double rank ; they are awaiting the signal from CONRADE, when MARCELIA rushes in wild agony from the tent, L. 2 E., with canteen, and drops it, C.*

*Con.* Ready ! Present ! (*They do so.*)

*Mar.* Albert, Albert—hold, hold—no, you cannot murder him before my eyes !

*Alb.* Marcelia !

*Con.* Distressing interruption.

*Mar.* Ah, Conrade, dearest brother, your nature is not cruel.

*Con.* My duty !

*Mar.* He has injured us deeply—deeply—but, ah ! agony, I still love him—I will die with him.—Let me to the general—let me at his feet implore for the life of my affianced, my husband.—Albert, Albert, am I not your wife ? and here, Conrade, the time is not past—no matter how I became possessed of it—here is the lost object, for which he is condemned,—here is the canteen. (*places it in CONRADE'S hand.*)

*Con.* Extraordinary !—Soldiers, strictly guard your prisoner, I will to the commander.

[*Music, crosses and exit.*

[*CONRADE, R. H., MARCELIA with the canteen is kneeling near the bank, R. ; ALBERT turns his head to look at her ; suddenly discovers the BOTTLE IMP extending his arms over the head of MARCELIA.*

*Alb.* Ah, the fiend ! Marcelia my beloved, my preserver, has purchased the fiend ; never, never—it shall not remain one moment in her possession. (*Imp disappears.*) Marcelia, here, the canteen—quick—take this piece of money—nay, delay not. (*forces the coin into her hand, and takes the canteen.*) Ne'er shall thy generous soul be in danger ; would I were free. (*alarm drum all through scene.*)

*Enter CONRADE, R. H.*

*Con.* Young man you are pardoned ; soldiers, the prison of the Holy Inquisition is on fire. The troops must quickly repair to the city. March !

[*Lights down ; quick march ; exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—*A dungeon in the Prison of the Inquisition, an open grated gate at the back ; stage dark ; music ; NICOLA is led on by an officer of the Inquisition, hooded, L.*

*Nic.* Speak ; whither do you lead me ?

*Offi.* Where silence must be observed.

*Nic.* Silence ; with what crime am I charged ?

*Offi.* Sorcery.

*Nic.* Ah !

*Offi.* Cease your exclamation ; you are in the Prison of the Holy Inquisition ; obedience is inevitable.

[*Retires through grate, L.*]

*Nic.* The Inquisition !—I am in the power of that dreadful tribunal that might condemn me to expire under the torture. (*falls overpowered ; music ; a red glare behind the grating.*) Are my tormentors at hand ? (*drum beats to arms.*)

*Enter an officer of the Inquisition.*

*Offi.* Prisoner, arise, quickly follow ! Behold ! by some fatal accident, the Prison of the Inquisition is in flames ; we are commanded to collect the prisoners, and convey them in safety to the hall.

*Nic.* Safety ! is there yet life—is there still hope ?

*Offi.* Follow, quickly !

[*Music ; the Inquisitor leads the way, NICOLA following ; lights down*]

SCENE LAST.—*Hall of the Inquisition ; staircase leading to the entrance ; from an open aperture surrounded by balustrades is the approach to the dungeon, near the staircase ; the upper part of the staircase is occupied by the soldiers of CONRADE'S regiment ; CONRADE and ALBERT conspicuous ; the windows of the hall are red from the effects of the surrounding conflagration.*

*Con.* Soldiers ! you must remain here till the last moment ; the commandant's orders are to prevent escape, but not to harm the prisoners of the holy office. Be firm, Albert, this is your duty—take charge—be sentinel—below.



[*Music*; ALBERT descends the staircase; the officers of the Inquisition conduct prisoners up the staircase, 2 E. 1., from the staircase below; NICOLA comes up with his attendants, L.; the prisoners accompanied by the officials, pass the sentinels; ALBERT sees NICOLA.

Alb. Merciful powers—Nicola here! (*apart.*)

Offi. (*to NICOLA.*) Yonder prisoners are confined here under charges of heresy; you are incarcerated for sorcery; I have no power to convey you beyond this limit without directions from the principal Inquisitor; here you must remain, soldiers;—remember, instant death, if he attempts escape.

[*Officer ascends staircase, c.; music; the flames ascend through the aperture in the stage.*

Nic. Ah, this unnatural atmosphere! I sink—sink.

Alb. Nicola, my tempter.

Nic. (*leaning on the balustrades, which begin to ignite.*) Thirst—thirst—thirst—I die! (*to ALBERT.*) Prithee, soldier, for mercy's sake!—I have heard your command to confine me in this smothering place—I am expiring with thirst—thy canteen to drink, drink—I would give thee gold—

Alb. Gold! hast thou money?

Nic. Gold, in the dungeon of the inquisition? No!

Alb. Coin, money, for my canteen?

Nic. One small coin I have—here—but one.

Alb. Its value?

Nic. Take it.

Alb. It is yours, (*gives bottle*) yours!

Nic. Ha! I have repurchased the Bottle Imp! There is yet hope for my life. (*kisses the bottle.*) Save me, fiend, save me!

[*Gong. The bottle breaks; the IMP appears.*

Imp. Thy hour is come, Nicola, ha! ha! ha!

Nic. I can again sell thee, fiend.

Imp. No, the coin with which thou hast repurchased me is of the lowest value in the world!

Nic. Lost!—Lost!

Imp. Thou art mine!

[*Shower of fire. Music. Seizes him by the hair of the head, and sinks with him; at the same moment the wall of the hall falls, and discovers an immense crowd illuminated by the fire. In the foreground, ALBERT, MARCELIA, WALDECK, &c., are discovered.*

FINIS.

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